

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They haue traual'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster,*
I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the found man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit heere? This ad perswades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'd speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death.

Glo. I would haue all well berixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Boole. Cry to it Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the
Beles, when she put 'em i'th' Palle aliue, she knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adulteresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not belecue
With how deprauid a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curles on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnneccessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnfighly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Linnenesse.

Corn. Eye sir, sic.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Foggies, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rath moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue
Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curses, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. *Tucket within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pnde
Dwells in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Our Varler, from any fight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heauens!

If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.

Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?

How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Deferd'd

Deferd'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so:
If still the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-udging *Ioue*.
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue care Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she calls Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fife and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reformation to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fife and twentie? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fife and twentie.

And thou

Gon. I

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